

THE  
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR IN EUROPE.

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LETTER VI.

THE atmosphere was dull and hazy when we arrived in London, and there was nothing but the knowledge that we were actually in that great city to impress us very deeply. I think if we had not been going to a friend's house, we should have felt somewhat homesick. A strange city always seems to me lonely and unnatural, and in the shortest drive you can take in London, you see wretchedness enough to make your heart ache; beggars everywhere. Our friend's house was beautifully situated, on Regent's Park, and it was not long before we were made to feel at home, and what can we say more than that of any place? If I had no other objection to make to the French language than this, that it has no such word as *home* in it, it would, I think, be enough to put me out of conceit with it. But perhaps

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this is unreasonable ; the home of the French is in their beautiful public buildings, their gardens, their Champs Elyseés ; this may be better for soul and body ; we must try to judge righteous judgment.

Again we enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being received like old friends, not on account of our real merits, for we were personally strangers, but for other reasons which made us feel the same sort of gratitude we do for the blessed sunshine, or any of the other gifts of the good God. This is one of the greatest pleasures in this world, in which there is surely much to enjoy.

The first of the wonders of London which we visited was Westminster Abbey. Almost every one in our country who has had any dream of the beautiful and sublime, has dreamed of the possible pleasure of standing in the poet's corner in Westminster Abbey ; and when I found myself there, I had never seemed to myself so much of a dreamer as then. Shakspeare, Milton, Addison, Pope, Dryden, Thompson, Handel, Newton, and others, all of them with a charm in the simple sound of their names. It was something like being in heaven, and you feel small and not quite worthy of the high presence in which you stand. And yet, as is the case with all truly great souls, they inspired me presently with confidence, and I felt that they bade me welcome. No description can give one the faintest idea of the effect of such a building as Westminster Abbey. If I could, I would not attempt such a thing. All I can say is just a few words of my impressions. There was in my soul an intense feeling of worship, worship of that unseen Presence to whom the building had been erected ; the graceful arches, springing up from the ground,

and that seemed to aspire to heaven ; the painted windows, and the mystical figures upon them ; the dim, religious light ; the marble statues, in the distance all looking like ghosts ; the historical recollections ; the sound of your footsteps, as you tread silently the " long-drawn aisles " ; the chilly air ; all awakened within me a sense of awe and solemn pleasure, such as I had never before felt. York Minster I should think was a more perfect building, but it has not such associations. It is larger and more beautiful, but yet it has not such a voice as Westminster Abbey.

We were shown by our guide into Henry the Seventh's Chapel, which can only be entered in the company of the guide. This, as the guide books will tell you, is most elaborately ornamented, and is very beautiful. Here is a splendid monument to Henry. Then we visited Edward the Confessor's Chapel, which is very simple and very beautiful. After looking at all the details of the building, with the aid of our guide, he let us out into the main body of the church, and we were left free to look at the long line of arches stretching through the mighty nave with a wide, majestic sweep, and so narrowing on the sides as to form a long, deep perspective. All this part of the Abbey may be visited at all times, and may be seen without a calculation in shillings and pence, of how much the pleasure is worth. We walked about a long time, looking at the monuments, some of them good, but most of them of recent date. We then returned to the poet's corner. A few of the inscriptions are good. A fine sitting figure of Handel impressed me much ; he holds his last glorious oratorio in his hand, and you read on it these words : " I know that my Re-

deemer liveth ;" and this is all that is written on the tomb of the immortal musician.

I cannot omit, however, expressing the shock to my feelings, upon reading the lines (his own) upon the tomb of Gay :

"Life is a jest, and all things show it:  
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Below, were some simple words, by the friends who erected the monument, speaking of his sincerity, his fidelity in friendship, and other virtues. Were these jests! Was the love that influenced them to erect this memorial of him a jest? Is life ever a jest? Are death and futurity jests? It was horrible, and the words fell on my heart as a sort of blasphemy, and a desecration of the holy spot.

On both of the Sundays that I was in London, I was present at the afternoon service, and heard there truly divine music. There is no describing and no forgetting the effect of one of those sublime religious strains that seem to burst forth from you know not where, and swell and grow fuller and louder, and then more and more distant, and fainter and fainter, till you think it dying in the distance, and then gush out with an overwhelming fulness of harmony and beauty. One feels as if he would hear such strains at the hour of death.

After our visit to the Abbey, we went to the House of Commons, in Westminster Hall. I was really amused to see what a shabby old place it was. No desks, no easy cushioned chairs, like what we republicans give to the delegates of our power and rights. Then, when I thought of the great events that had taken place there,



when I thought of Cromwell, and the round headed rebels of Westminster, and the whole history of England, when I remembered that here passed the decree that there should be no more slavery in Great Britain, here the corn laws were abolished, here, within these walls, Burke, Sheridan, Chatham, Fox, Wilberforce, and so many other great and eloquent souls, had poured themselves forth, and made the place where they stood holy ground, — these thoughts gave to the dingy, shabby old rooms an air of sublimity to me: and when afterwards I saw the magnificent new house of parliament, it failed to excite in my mind anything of equal interest. As there have been so many accounts of the new House of Parliament, I shall say nothing of it; the very friendly gentleman who carried us over the whole building, showed us also the great fans, with which, in hot weather, they cool and increase the air for their right honorable lordships, and the jet d'eau with which they wash the air before they send it up to regale and refresh them in their splendid and luxurious apartment.

We stopped before the door in Whitehall, out of which the unfortunate Charles the First came, to be beheaded; and imagination easily saw the immense crowd looking on at the concluding scene of the tragedy of his life of blunders, so bitterly and cruelly expiated.

Our next object was St. Paul's. How different! how very different. In a gothic building, you think that the artist, who designed it, had in mind the idea of the solemn forest where the crossing branches produce all those beautiful lines and forms, which so delight your eye, and where the dim, mysterious light awakens and accords with the religious sentiment; but the effect of

the great dome, which imitates the open sky, is entirely opposite. No mystery, no religious emotions, except so far as all love of the beautiful is, to a certain extent, a religious emotion: but the great, wide vault is more fitted, it seems to me, for the worship of the muses than for the worship of that Unseen Being, who, after all, dwelleth not in temples made with hands. The effect upon your mind of standing in the middle of St. Paul's is very impressive, but what moved me most, was the sound of the people without the walls. No one of our party spoke, and the noise of the busy multitude without, was like the waves multitudinous of the ocean. I had heard the voice of many waters while coming over the Atlantic, and there is no exaggeration, it is just such a sound, such an ebbing and flowing, and yet such a full and constant roar as the waves make after continued high winds. It was truly sublime, this concentrated sound of this living multitude of human beings, these breathings and heavings of the heart of the mighty monster, London. We afterwards ascended the dome, and looked down upon this truly great and beautiful city; the clock struck while we were in the dome, and we felt the quiver of its tremendous voice, tremendous at least to us who were so near to it. Now we began to feel the glory and wonder of London; we began to take it in, and to understand it and to enjoy it.

Our kind friend took us in her open carriage all round the city, showed us the beautiful parks, on one of which, as I have before told you, was her house. I expected to be delighted with the parks, but they exceeded even my expectations; the water, the swans, and other aquatic birds, the exquisite verdure, the fine trees,

the great size of some of them, all impress you with an idea of public spirit, and munificence, and real grandeur, and yet, near by all these grand shows are the wretchedest looking beings, telling the other side of the story of England.

You are much impressed, — at least, I was, as I went about London, — with the quiet, substantial, grave and comfortable look of every thing saving the poor beggars, and they are kept in order by the efficient police. They beg with their eyes, and their suffering aspect, rather than with their words. But I must tell you about the Ladies' College, or rather Colleges, for there are now two of these institutions in London. One was established two or three years ago, and the other, within the last year. Nothing of the kind has ever pleased me more than these institutions. I had the great pleasure of being present at one of the first lectures there, given by Mr. Scott, and most admirable it was.

A college for ladies! you will exclaim, and some folks will be ready to smile at the thought. I will tell you its object, and how it is managed, and you may perhaps be reconciled to it, in spite of its name. It was thought that if girls, when they had finished their school education where they had got through the elements of knowledge, could be able to continue their studies, and go on with them as far as they were disposed to do, it would be a good thing. In order to do this well, and really make progress in the different branches of knowledge, at a tolerably reasonable cost, and yet have the best instructors, it was thought that a place where everything desirable should be taught by the most competent men, and where, by having many pupils, the expense could

be made less by far than by private instruction, would be most desirable. So a proper college was established ; all the higher branches taught by able, competent men, and the expense reasonable. This succeeded perfectly ; the parents and the daughters found it was just what they wanted, and there are now over three hundred pupils in this college. It was thought by benevolent ladies, who saw the good effect of this college, that another establishment of the same kind was called for, in a different part of London, and one lady in especial aided the project in a most effectual manner, by lending the money requisite for its commencement. A large house was hired, the rooms properly furnished for lectures, &c., a matron was appointed to see things kept in order, and the first men were engaged for teachers. The young ladies come at the hour appointed for whatever lecture they wish to attend ; all, or a part only of the lectures. There is to be a library ; there is a reading room, a place for gymnastic exercises, and, in short, every accommodation for them during the time they may wish to stay. If any one attends all the lectures, she may wish to be there all the day, that is, during all the hours of study ; or a lady can come to one lecture and return to her home. One of the lady visitors of the College is always present at the lectures, so that the strictest order and propriety are preserved. The expense is a guinea and a half per term for a class that meets twice in a week, and a guinea for a class that meets once. For nine guineas a term, a pupil may select from any of the classes to the extent of eighteen lessons in a week. Bible history, ancient and modern history, mathematics, the natural sciences, the English language and



literature, the German, French and Italian languages and literature, Latin, elocution, vocal music, harmony, drawing, astronomy, with scientific geography, and all these studies taught by some of the first men in the kingdom, such as Mr. Newman, Mr. Scott, Mr. Michalay, Dr. Carpenter, all professors in University College, London. The college was opened while we were in London, with about thirty pupils; but when I last heard from it, there were upwards of seventy who had joined it.

When you think of what a good thing this must be for a girl who has come from school with a real love of study, and just beginning to know how to study, desiring more knowledge, and usually not able to obtain it on account of the impossibility of obtaining it, you will comprehend what a valuable institution this is, and how much folly and vanity may be prevented in the world by giving to a girl such an opportunity as this affords of making something of herself, and filling her mind with knowledge, which is apt to be followed by "conscious peace and virtue pure." There will be wiser mothers, happier and better wives, when women have a more thorough education. Here in aristocratic England is an institution for educating their women, far superior to anything in our country. And no objection of any sort can be made to it by the most fastidious. I conversed with a number of young ladies who were pupils in one or other of these colleges, and it was delightful to hear them speak of their enjoyment of their studies, of the great privilege they considered it, to be able, in this agreeable way, to continue studies they had commenced at school, and acquire a thorough knowledge of what they had only learned superficially. How I wish we had such an institution in Boston!

It is thought that the College will ere long support itself, that is to say, that the fees of the pupils will pay the lecturers and the expenses of the house; in the mean time, the liberality of one lady enables them to proceed. As the other college, called Queen's College, has done so well, there seems nothing to fear.

There is another institution in London which interested me very much, and that is the Whittington Club. This is a club established for the purpose of giving intellectual and innocent pleasure to the working classes. A large, handsome building is devoted to it, containing rooms enough for their purpose. There is a reading room, a room for conversation and coffee and tea, a room for lectures, a room for music, and one for dancing. A very moderate subscription, I think, five guineas a season, entitles any one to a membership, and to all the pleasures and advantages of the house. Men and women are upon the same footing. You may see a young woman in the reading-room, sitting at the table reading, with no other protector than the good manners and character of the club, or conversing with those in the room devoted to conversation, or taking her part in the concerts they often have, or making herself merry and really recreating herself by a dance, or listening to a lecture from Dr. Nichol on astronomy, or some other learned man upon something else. The most perfect propriety and good manners are preserved; any violation of either is punished by exclusion. I saw and talked a good deal with a young gentleman who was one of the managers of the club, and whose heart was much in it, and whose place in society was such as to give a peculiar value to his presence at such a club.

For, remember, this was a club for trades-people, to enable the young girl who had been making bonnets or dresses all day, and the shopkeeper whose soul is in danger of being ruined by the dulness of his life, to find refined and enlivening pleasures, such as the more favored classes have always within their reach, and all this at a small expense. This young man, who might adorn any circle, goes to this club himself, is one of them, and his heart is in it. May Heaven bless his efforts. As there have been regulations agreed upon by the shopkeepers to shut their shops at eight o'clock in the evening, in order to enable them and their apprentices to have time for amusement or study in the evening, a club of this sort is still more important and useful.

In these two institutions, one for the thorough education of woman, and the other for the purpose of giving more refined pleasures to the working classes, and awakening in them a sense of the beauty of life, I saw a great progress in justice and humanity. These are two great objects that we can never think too much of. Well educated women and happy laborers would make a new and glorious world for mankind to dwell in. I know it will be said, "Think how few can avail themselves of a Ladies' College, or of the Whittington Club." True; but every well informed woman, and every happy and instructed laboring man or woman, is a missionary sent out into the world, and it will, most probably, be his or her purpose to extend the blessing of knowledge and innocent happiness to others. These will be like normal schools to prepare others to be teachers of wisdom and humanity. Perhaps I may be too enthusiastic upon these great interests, but I confess I have them much at

heart. I would have women demand a higher and more complete education ; I would have the laboring classes more happy and more enlightened. We have done much in our country, but not enough. Let our mother country provoke us to good works. I have not yet, I believe, told you how much I enjoyed the feeling, that, though I was in a foreign land, where most things were so different, yet I still heard my own dear mother tongue ; of course this was almost laughable, and yet I felt it ; there was not the barrier of a foreign language between their hearts and mine. It did seem to me like a mother land. And all were so kind to us ! — I shall always bless Old England, if it were only for the Ladies' College, the Whittington Club, and our dear, kind friends who made us so happy there. E. L. F.

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### HYMN.

From "The Flock at the Fountain."

HAPPY were the children

Who had Christ Jesus' blessing,  
Who heard his voice so tender and mild,  
And felt his hands caressing.

Blessed were the people

Who listened to his preaching ; —  
No angry word or look had they,  
For Love was all his teaching.

Gentle be the accents

That teach our young endeavor  
How to find the way that leads  
To life with Him forever.



## SCENES OF WAR. NO. V.

SOME years have now passed since any incidents under the above title have been laid before our young readers ; but, in the meanwhile, the actual horrors of war have been pervading the fairest countries of Europe. — The following narrative is compiled from the life of a wandering musician, written by Ludwig Pechstein, and is translated, like those which have preceded it, for the purpose of inspiring our readers with an early aversion to the wholesale *murder*, called *War*. The beautiful traits of human nature which every scene of tumult and danger is calculated to call forth, appear undoubtedly even more frequently in a time of war, than at calmer seasons ; but when we remember that these traits are exhibited indiscriminately by both parties, by the vanquished as well as by the victors, our abhorrence should be the more excited at the monstrous absurdity, which countenances human beings worthy of co-operating together in works of peace and love, in wasting the property, mutilating the limbs, and destroying the lives of one another, because the rulers of their respective nations have been pleased to style them, *enemies*.

The following adventures and escapes of the young musician, and his tardy consciousness of the thoughtless folly which had led him to wander from his home, will be found interesting, as a perfect picture of human nature. The scenes here related occurred in the early part of the French Revolution.

"During a season of insignificant skirmishes, and of marches, for the most part useless, we arrived in Maestricht, which we reached when no longer under any extraordinary enthusiasm, but looking rather towards the future with pensive fear. What were we, and what did we desire? — immature striplings, whom a rush of youthful ambition, and, — there was no concealing it from ourselves, — the love of gain had induced to forsake our beautiful and peaceful homes, in order to precipitate ourselves into a life full of toil and danger, that we might make music for privileged murder, in a country where no beauty refreshed our eyes, whose language it was hard for us to understand, the manners, usages and habits of which were strange to us, and even its articles of food in part unknown. As constant marching had injured one of my heels, I was unable to proceed farther.

The regiment in which we were to serve, had not been in Maestricht for a long time, but was stationed in Holland. The commander, however, General Weldern, still lingered in Maestricht; we reported ourselves to him as our head, and he received us with great kindness. He was quite an old man, and his whole deportment was expressive of friendliness. He made us tell him a great deal about our parentage, our homes and our march; he was so kind as to express commiseration for my lame foot, saying, 'You cannot march in this state, you must remain here and let it heal; the army allows no limping.'

As my wounded foot had become inflamed, I remained three weeks in Maestricht. I was well nursed and well treated, and I won the confidence of my general

and his suite. I was permitted to exhibit my musical proficiency before him, and when perfectly cured, he provided me with so much travelling money, that I was enabled, in accordance with his wishes, in going to the army, to make an extensive tour with the courier. Huy, Namour and Leuven were left behind us; there we beheld trees overthrown by cannon balls, with half-burnt villages, farms and windmills; of many of these nothing was standing but the blackened brick walls. Trampled fields, broken enclosures, and much besides, bore witness to the battle, in which, upon these plains, the brave Dumouriez repelled the Austrians.

At length I reached the camp in Holland, where I found and embraced my companions. They had become accustomed to the free soldier-life, and enjoyed it. I was arrayed in my uniform, and commenced, awkwardly enough, my military exercises. In the evening, a merry carouse followed, held by my friends in honor of me — then, music. Beyond, upon the other side of the river Lys, death skulked, and listened to our thoughtless harmony.

I am not purposing to describe those world-famous battles which chanted the dirge of the departing century in cannon-thunder; I shall only sketch some of my own adventures.

At Courtrai, the camp was pitched in an open field. We were lodged in tents, and enjoyed an intercourse among ourselves, to which none of us knew how long a duration would be permitted. The French royalist troops, in their white uniforms, were stationed at Ypres. The night was mild and calm; far over the plains, gleamed both our watch-fires and those of the enemy;

from time to time we heard the foot-tread of the patrols, and their call at the watch-posts; smoothly and noiselessly glided the Lys along its valley bed, to unite its turbid waters with the Scheldt at Ghent. The camp lay in deep repose, undisturbed by the transient discharges of cannon, which occasionally resounded through the night. We were still sitting together, eating and drinking; my friends were describing to me their march and their experiences. I narrated my travels, and was envied by them as fortune's child; for all of us had repented of the inconsiderate determination which had caused us to enter the army, and were longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt, that is, for the pleasant gardens at Wurtzberg, its monastic cloisters and well-stored court-cellars, where we had been so often treated. Now, different service was expected of us. Each of us, however, still endeavored to get as much pleasure as possible out of our daily threatened lives.

Whatever could be said, or murmured by despondency, against military life, had now been uttered by my companions; when at last one of them, with a long, sonorous yawn, which made his voice sound like a fiddle out of tune, croaked out,

'Come, boys, we will go to sleep. We have played together the opening of the leaves, the prelude, the merry quick-step, the heavy march attended with cannonading, and the finale — death, or mutilation. Our titles, God help us, are — Dunces!'

All of us more or less admitted, though in silence, that he was right; for it was no inspiring enthusiasm which had prompted us to rush into the military tumult of this foreign land; and where that is wanting, the



mind and thought remain flat and unwinged. Dead masses, when properly managed, directed and pushed forward, can indeed effect great things, but even then, there must always be some thinking, inventive mind, which knows how to control and guide them, and render them subservient to its wishes.

We did not however slumber long; it might have been about three o'clock, when the alarm drum began to beat along the tented rows of our encampment. Amid the confusion of the uproar, we could hear the report of muskets in a skirmish on the outposts, which had arisen between the enemy and the Dutch troops, at some distance from Ypres. All was soon in orderly movement; arms clashed; the aid-de-camps were upon the gallop hither and thither. — 'Weldern's regiment! Forward, march! Regimental music, lead the van!' — so sounded the word of command. I felt a cold chill, and in regard to courage, it seemed to me that I had not the slightest vocation to be a soldier. This novice's ague-fit of the cannon-fever, was pardonable; rarely does any one escape it; probably the greatest marshals, though without confessing to it, have experienced and conquered it. It serves, like sea-sickness, for a *memento mori*\* — it is a great, silent, natural symbol, reminding us of the possibility that we may be going to our *end* — obliging man to think of death — perchance, to expect it, on the dread, untrodden field.

Anon, we were standing in rows, man by man; anon, a cheering march swelled on the night-wind, and we were moving towards the enemy.

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\* Remember that thou must die.

With the appearance of the grey dawn, the discharges of artillery increased in the direction whither we were advancing ; behind us, the alarm drums were still beating, other regiments were arranging themselves, and the sound of the up-starting encampment arose. The cannon thundered along a wide circumference, and what had at first been supposed to be only a skirmish on the outposts, grew into a bloody battle. The French army, badly armed and badly organized, but inspired with a fanatical enthusiasm for the phantom of liberty, and in consequence invincible, drew up in columns as far as the eye could reach, against the allied host, which was beginning to spread over the spacious plains. Our regiment stood in the centre of the attack, and formed a front behind which we musicians retreated. The command, ' Fire ! ' sounded forth, and a crashing salvo presented its dire ' good morning ' to the limbs of the enemy ; but it remained not unreturned. The firing of our opponents was incessant, the ranks of our regiment grew thin. Now, a regiment of Austrian infantry drew up to protect the centre, and the gloriously accoutred Hungarian hussars rushed past us on a thundering gallop, to fall upon the flank of the assailing foe. The old text, ' Fear not, little flock, ' would have been a word of comfort to us, for our position was anything but enviable, the balls aimed at the regiment, often flying over it and whistling around our ears.

Though we had not broken our fast, nobody thought of his blue bean-porridge.

The regiment was no longer able to maintain its ground ; it was overthrown, and all soon were tumbling in wild flight upon one another, while behind us the

battle still foamed and thundered. Our little company was dispersed. I ran, not knowing whither, being unable to direct myself either by the sky or earth, until I came full upon one of our batteries. The cannon balls were whizzing high over my head ; I was enveloped in smoke, yet senselessly running forwards, when a voice suddenly exclaimed, ' Charles, is the Devil in you ? Stoop down, stoop down ! ' — I stooped with a vengeance, so that I laid my whole length on the ground, and in an instant the artillery man against whose cannon I had stumbled, fired his piece, and away flew a twelve pounder ball over me. Had I continued standing, it would have knocked off my head. I earnestly wished that it had been in my power to boast of more courage than I displayed : but I suffered excessively from palpitation of the heart. I picked up myself and my fallen clarionet, and crawled away on hands and knees, out of the line of the battery. I saw a village lying on one side, and with others I turned thither my hurrying, flying steps, under the constant danger of being shot, as the enemy's cannon swept the whole space, and we perceived the pressure of the air produced by the thundering four and twenty pounders, as they sped over us to right and left."

Though not exactly in its right place in the order of the narrative, we insert here the following incident, which is too touching to be omitted. — In the course of his retreat he overtakes two acquaintances, the mayor of one of the neighboring villages, with whom he had become intimate, and his young daughter.

" All three of us were pleasantly conversing together, hearing occasionally cannon shots, when suddenly a random ball overtook us with impetuous swiftness ; the

honest mayor uttered a piercing shriek, and fell upon the ground, the ball having carried away his right arm. With a cry of despair his daughter threw herself upon her father, who groaned aloud in agony, and tore off her dress to stanch the gushing blood. Never shall I forget that thrilling moment. I instantly ran for help, and returned with a surgeon and some comrades. Leaning on his daughter, pale and faint, we found the mutilated man; we bound him up and carried him to our tent, where he soon revived. Then I witnessed the most beautiful picture of pure, unsophisticated, filial love; how powerful and boundless it issues from the bosom of uncorrupted human nature, and listens willingly in the human heart, especially in that of woman, to the voice of God! That peasant maiden never left her father's side; she took care of him with a perseverance the most amazing, with a patience that knew no weariness — her bosom was a pillow to his head; she comforted him in his pains, she repeated over to him all the prayers she knew, and God gave her the pleasure of seeing her beloved father restored."

We now resume the former narrative.

"At the entrance of the village, I stumbled upon three of my companions, who had taken the same direction with myself; of the rest of our friends we knew nothing. We hastened to the inn, which swarmed with fugitives, Dutch market-tenders, and others of the populace. We called for coffee, and as this grateful beverage was already bountifully prepared in large kettles, our portion speedily stood before us on side-tables, furnished with the requisite bowls and spoons. Joyful at finding some refreshment, after so many hours passed in



anxiety and peril of our lives, we made ourselves comfortable, and prepared to quaff our coffee. But just at the moment when our spoons were beginning to rattle in the cups, crash went over our heads a thundering blow, and down came a ball from a howitzer, through the roof, into the very midst of our coffee cups, so that the hissing fluid, mixed with the fragments of earthen ware, sprinkled our faces; the table was overturned, and we ourselves were knocked to the ground by the jar occasioned through the striking of the ball on the floor. The house trembled to its foundations, and all tumbled over one another in tumultuous confusion. Every body sought safety in instant flight; I saw myself separated anew from my companions, and ran, with my clarionet on my back, straight out of the village, towards the open fields, missing my way entirely. A confused clamor in front of me, caused me to look up; I distinguished the call, 'Forward! Forward!' and saw a formidable multitude of the enemy, without order, coming down upon me in the very direction which I had taken. Hardly casting a glance upon the tattered forms before me, in their extemporaneous uniforms and decorations, or upon the variety of their weapons, seized at hazard, and brandished on high, I turned again, retreating the opposite way with my utmost speed. — The muskets cracked, the cannon thundered incessantly; still I hoped to reach our baggage wagons, but nothing was to be seen of them, and, without an aim, I doubled, like a hunted animal with the sportsman hard on its heels. The morning sun now fiercely glowed; I was weary, and could run no farther; yet I strained all my efforts to reach a wood which extended before me. I

succeeded, and dropped down half fainting beneath the shade of a tree.

The whole country around Ypres, Menin and Courtrai, consists of an extensive plain, distinguished by scarcely a hill or eminence. The well cultivated fields are interspersed with numerous villages, cloisters, wind-mills, and detached churches and chapels, while a multitude of swampy forests of larger or less extent, lie between them, all bearing alike the expressive denomination of—*thicket*. A labyrinth of field-paths, and an innumerable multitude of little quiet brooks intersecting them, render the keeping in the right road, a most difficult task to one who is ignorant of the country. I might have perished in the thicket which concealed me, and should have disappeared without leaving a trace behind; but that Providence which watches over our steps, spared me, that I might continue my course in the great school called Life, where I was to learn, to love, and to suffer, in many future classes.

The high grass, the dew-moistened ground, and the shade of the alders, beeches and willows, cooled and revived me. I found a spot which afforded pure water; I drank, and washed off the dust of the battle, and the perspiration of my flight; I then considered whither I should betake myself. I still heard the report of arms in the distance, and I saw in some spots, probably in the direction towards Menin, the smoke-columns of burning villages ascending to the sky. I thought it prudent to withdraw in the contrary direction, and proceeded straight onwards, along the first well-trodden path which I could find. It brought me again immediately into another thicket; I marched on, my thoughts at

least, conveying me straight homewards, when suddenly a 'Who goes there?' assailed me, and the suspicious click of a trigger met my ear — 'Prisoner!' cried a voice. — 'Ah! a good comrade!' said another. I saw that I was surrounded by one of the advance-guards of the French. — 'A deserter?' asked the lieutenant, coming forward and taking from me my sabre.

'No — no — Sir — I am — Pardon!'

'You are a German; you speak German,' continued the lieutenant. 'If you are not a deserter, you are a prisoner of war, and must be transported to Compiegne.'

Great as my desire had formerly been to visit Paris, I had no fancy in this manner to approach the metropolis, which was full of terror and confusion, and I said to the lieutenant, who was an Elsatian, 'I entreat you, Sir, to let me go. I never fought against the French nation; I am a musician.'

'So much the better,' returned the officer; 'if that is the case, you will be exchanged for two of our men.'

I desisted not, however, from my supplications, and whether it was my youth, or sympathy for me as a German, which moved the Elsatian, suffice it, that I found favor, and he at last said, 'I will let you run; keep only to the north continually, and you will come upon the high road which leads from Courtrai — the bank of the Scheldt is covered far down with our troops.'

Thanking the good natured officer ten thousand times, I departed with a lightened heart. The kindness of my foe extended so far as to give me a piece of bread and meat for my journey.

Alone, I then sprang forward along a pleasant field-

path tending northwards, now bringing me to a hill, thick-set with windmills, now through a wood, then over fields, meadows and farms, and through many villages. I often looked about me to descry the high road, but on these plains an exceedingly limited horizon is afforded. At last I perceived on the left a moving dark line, considerably straight, though in many places interrupted; upon looking closer, I saw that this line continued moving onwards, and I now hastened directly to it.

It was no withdrawing, but a total retreat — a complete topsy-turvy flight, which rolled along the high road. Dutch, Prussian, Austrian troops, pell-mell, some with, some without arms, on horseback and on foot, streamed along the road. Many sank by the way-side, unable from weariness to move a step farther. The fresh wounds of many were bleeding, and their eyes in vain sought for a healing surgeon.

The swelling human surge of the defeated army bore me along farther and farther, until I was no longer able to keep up with those who were still vigorous. I was compelled to walk more slowly, my weary feet refusing to serve me. I began to gaze around, in the hope of discovering some spot where I might rest and be concealed. Soon I perceived on one side, at the edge of a thicket, a loose horse which was grazing the turf, and supposing that some of the soldiers were resting in the place, I directed my steps thither. The spot was however still and empty; the horse was grazing entirely alone, and I found besides, that he was saddled and bridled, with beautiful pistols stuck in his holster; one hind foot of the nobly built animal was stained with



blood, the consequence of a slight wound. The horse allowed himself to be taken by the bridle without resistance; he was a genuine Arabian. I looked all about me to ascertain whether his rider was reposing in the neighborhood, but finding no one, I said to myself, 'If thou dost not take him, another will,' and mounted upon him, and rode forwards.

No portmanteau was on him, and from the thongs which were still hanging, it appeared to have been cut off.

I now proceeded on my journey more easily. The horse, by whatever way he had come to the place where I found him, was rested; and in tolerable ease I rode onwards to my goal, which was majestic Ghent. I now surveyed at leisure the country and the landscape, admiring the multitude of stately castles, each of which was surrounded with a broad deep moat, until at length the countless steeples of the great city, which had long been in sight, drew nearer. I entered an immensely long avenue, and arrived without accident at the citadel.

In Ghent, the defeated and scattered army re-assembled. Our musicians also for the most part were reunited, and not one dear head was missing in the circle of my German friends; each of them, too, like myself, had obtained some prize in the flight. Good days again began. The leader of our band bought my horse for twenty Louis d'or, and I expended part of the money in the purchase of new instruments, having saved nothing but my clarionet."

L. O.

## THE INFANT KING.

THE day had not yet dawned on the 7th October, 1715, when a little boy of about five years of age, who occupied one of the most splendid apartments in the palace of Versailles, started from his sleep, and sitting up in bed, fixed his eyes eagerly on a man who was seated in a large arm-chair by his side. The light of a bronze lamp which hung suspended from the ceiling showed him his companion slept. He coughed two or three times, as if undecided whether or not to disturb his slumbers, but at length cried, 'Comtois—Comtois!'

'Sire!' replied Comtois, rousing himself hastily.

'Do pray look out, and tell me whether much snow has fallen in the night.'

Comtois approached the window, and lifting the curtain, quietly replied, 'Yes, sire, a great deal.' But the young king, who had followed with anxious eyes the movements of his valet, and had caught a glimpse through the window of the snow-covered landscape, exclaimed 'How glad I am! Oh, take me up, quick, Comtois! quick—quick; dress me—but *do* make haste, Comtois.'

'What can have put it into your majesty's head to wish to get up so early this morning?' replied Comtois, seating himself quietly in his arm-chair.

'You do not know, perhaps, that I have a great battle to fight this morning, Comtois; and I would lay a wager that the enemy is already under arms. I would not for anything he should be in the field before me.'

‘The enemy is asleep, sire ; and if you take my advice, you will follow his example.’

‘Sleep, the day of a battle ? Who ever heard of such a thing ? But take me up, Comtois, I say,’ continued the child, tossing himself impatiently in bed.

‘Calm yourself, sire ; you must be more reasonable. Madame de Ventadour has forbidden me to allow you to get up so early.’

‘And I, Louis XV., king of France, I command you to take me up !’

‘Your Majesty must please to understand’ —

‘I do not understand anything ; I *choose* to get up,’ said Louis more eagerly. ‘The little Duke de Chartres sent me a challenge yesterday ; he is the head of one party, I of another. I am sure, Comtois, you would not wish your king to appear either lazy or cowardly in the eyes of his subjects ?’

‘You may be quite easy, sire, on that head — the kings of your race have never been either cowardly or indolent.’

‘Take me up, then, if you please, before the sun rises.’

‘What, sire ! has the *sun* also sent you a challenge ?’

‘No, no, good Comtois ; but it would melt my arms.’

‘What arms have you chosen, sire, which melt before the sun ?’

‘Excellent ones, Comtois, I can assure you — good balls of snow. You need not laugh, Comtois ; a ball of snow, well thrown, can give a famous blow, I can tell you.’

‘I have not the slightest doubt of it, sire,’ replied Comtois, still laughing.

‘You shall be present at the battle, Comtois, and you

shall see what a grand affair it will be. Just fancy — we shall form two camps; the Duke de Chartres will command one, and I the other. I shall have all the best under my orders — the Duke d'Harcourt, the Count de Clermont, the Marquis de Nesle. Oh, I have not been able to sleep all night thinking of it, and I have so longed to get up! Now, like a good Comtois, do make haste — the sun will melt our weapons; and I am sure that those who are to fight under my banners are waiting for me already on the field of battle. Oh, how unhappy kings are, that they cannot get any body to obey them!’

‘A slight tap at the bedroom door interrupted Louis in the midst of his speech; Comtois opened the door, and was not a little surprised on seeing the Duke de Villeroy, the governor of the young king, entering the chamber at this early hour.

‘Is the king awake yet?’ inquired the marshal.

‘He has been wanting to get up this hour past, mon-sieigneur,’ replied the valet de chambre.

The Marshal de Villeroy approached the bed. ‘Sire,’ said he, ‘the Duke of Orleans is this day to be appointed to the regency; it is necessary that you should make a short speech on the occasion. Do me the honor of listening to me, I beg of you; for you must learn this speech by heart, so as to be able to repeat it before the whole court.’

‘Yes, sir, I will,’ replied Louis, who was in reality a timid boy, and who did not venture to show his dissatisfaction at this delay.

‘Listen to me attentively, then, sire; say after me, “*We declare*”’ —

‘Don’t you think the sun, whenever it rises, will be



sure to melt the snow?' interrupted Louis, whose attention was suddenly attracted by the glittering whiteness of the park, as its snowy vestment reflected the first beams of the rising sun. He had not heard a word of the commencement of his speech.

'Very possibly, sire,' replied Villeroy, with an impatient gesture; 'but repeat after me now — "*We declare the Duke of Orleans*"' —

'*We declare the Duke of Orleans,*' said Louis; then, almost in the same breath, he added, 'Comtois, just look whether the snow is still hard.'

'No matter whether it is or not, sire,' interrupted the marshal, who did not attempt to conceal his impatience at the inattention of his royal pupil. 'Now let us proceed, then — "*Regent of this kingdom.*"'

'I dare say that the Duke of Chartres has a pile of snowballs as high as his head by this time.'

'If you do not pay more attention, sire,' said Marshal de Villeroy in a tone of severity, 'you will never learn your speech.'

'But I should much rather play in the park with the other children,' replied Louis petulantly.

'You shall go there, sire, after the ceremony.'

'But the snow will be melted, sir, by that time.'

'Well, sire, then it *must* be melted.'

'But then I shall not be able to make snowballs.'

'Well, then, you must be without them, sire.'

'And my battle, and my warriors, and all the other children who will be amusing themselves, while I am here shut up in my room!'

'Kings, sire, are not like other children; they cannot

be allowed to be always running about and amusing themselves.'

'Then, if so, it is not an amusing thing to be a king, Marshal de Villeroy.'

'I must really insist, sire, upon your learning this speech; you ought to have known it an hour ago.'

'Well, I *will* listen now,' said Louis.

The marshal, somewhat softened by this promise of docility on the part of his pupil, seated himself by the bedside, repeated, word by word, a very short speech, which his pupil recited after him with great exactness. He then retired, feeling fully assured that the young Louis was well prepared to perform his part in the approaching ceremony.

Louis bounded with joy when he saw the door close upon his governor. 'Now, then, for the park!' he exclaimed.

'Here is Madame de Vantadour, and your tutor Monsieur de Fleury,' said Comtois, as he ushered in these two new personages, followed by some domestics belonging to the palace, who carried a complete suit of clothes fitted for the royal child. When the divers articles which composed it were spread upon the table, the sight of so brilliant a costume helped to divert the mind of the young king for a moment from the fixed idea which had hitherto occupied his thoughts. But suddenly the idea seemed to strike him that this equipment was just the thing which would do to wear on the field of his intended battle.

'How beautiful it is — how very beautiful! Are you going to dress me in all these pretty things, dear mamma?' said he to his governess, of whom he was very

fond, and whom he always called by the sweet name of mother.

‘Certainly, my dear king,’ she replied, as she began to perform his toilet. ‘It is a pretty costume; is it not?’

‘Oh, how pleased my comrades will be to serve under my orders!’ said Louis, as he examined separately each article.

First, there was a little jacket with falling sleeves of violet-colored cloth (*violet* being the color appropriated to royal mourning, and the little Louis having lately lost his grandfather, Louis XIV.); then there was placed upon his head a cap of violet *crepe*, lined with cloth of gold; and finally, a blue ribbon was passed around his neck, to which hung suspended the Cross of the Order of St. Louis, and that of the Order of the St. Esprit. Up to this point every thing went on as smoothly as possible; the child, absorbed in the contemplation of this rich and brilliant costume, was beginning to forget his morning vexations; he longed to be dressed, in order that he might escape from the hands of his governess; and he was on the point of asking Comtois to hand him his miniature weapons, in order to be ready for the battle, when, to his great surprise, Madame de Vantadour handed him a pair of splendid leading-strings in cloth of gold.

‘What are these for, mamma?’ said he.

‘They are leading-strings, sire,’ she replied.

‘And what are you going to do with them!’

‘To put them on you, sire.’

‘On *me*! leading-strings! You are joking mamma?’

‘They complete your costume, sire; they must be put on.’

‘I cannot put them on, mamma; I really *will* not!’

‘I am very sorry to be obliged to do any thing which annoys you, my dear king; but it has been decided that in order to mark your age, leading-strings should form a part of your costume.’

‘But I do not choose to have them on, dear mamma. I do not want them, and I will not put them on!’

‘But they cannot be dispensed with, sire.’

‘Not dispense with leading-strings! Indeed I can, dear mamma. What is the use of putting them on me? Do you ever see me tumble when I am walking? How long is it since I have given myself a bruise on my forehead? You do not put leading-strings on me to run all day in the woods, to go up and down stairs, to skip over trenches, and now you want to put them on me when I am only going to ride in a carriage, and then to sit in an arm-chair. Indeed, mamma, you are not reasonable; leading-strings are only to put on *little* children.’

‘Every one knows, sire, that you are not a little child; certainly one is no longer a child at five years and a-half; but still it cannot be helped; — etiquette requires that on grand occasions you should wear leading-strings until your education be confided to the care of men.’

‘Etiquette, custom! You say that every minute, dear mamma. The custom *ought* to be only to put leading-strings on little children who do not know how to walk. But if people are so anxious to use leading-strings, why not put them on all those old seigneurs we have here — on the Duke de Bourbon, who can hardly stand; or on the old Bishop de Troyes, who stumbles at every step; they, indeed, may be in want of them; but as for me, it is quite decided — I will not have them!’



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'I entreat you, sire, to comply.'

'Do not talk to me any more about it, dear mamma. The sun is already risen; I have a battle to fight this morning, and my munition of war is not yet prepared; so pray do not keep me any longer.'

'Your leading-strings will not be the least in your way, sire. Pray put them on.'

'And how my companions would laugh at me, especially the Duke de Chartres!'

'They would not dare to do so, sire. Indeed, it is not well done of you to require so much pressing about such a trifle. You ought to show yourself a little more ready to obey one whom you honor with the title of mother.'

'If the other children had them, too, mamma, then I should not mind; but look at the Duke de Nangis, the little Marquis de Nesle, &c.; did you ever see them in leading-strings?'

'But they are not kings, sire, as you are.'

'And I am sure, then, it is very tiresome to be a king. How I have been teased ever since I got up this morning on account of my kingdom! My battle has been delayed; I have had a long speech to learn by heart; and now you want to put on these ugly leading-strings. But it is of no use talking to me; I will not do it!'

'Monsieur de Fleury,' said Madame de Vantadour to the king's tutor, who stood in the window reading his breviary, 'will you have the kindness to come here and make the king listen to reason?'

'Monsieur de Fleury,' said the child, 'as you are at the window, will you be so good as to tell me whether the snow is beginning to melt?'

'Not yet, sire,' replied M. de Fleury, approaching the

fire, in front of which stood Madame de Vantadour with the leading-strings in her hand, whilst the young king kept his hands clasped behind him, to prevent her from taking him by surprise, and slipping them on.

‘Why are you so obstinate, sire? Give me your hand, and let me see you do cheerfully, and for the sake of Madame de Vantadour, that which, sooner or later, must be done.’

‘But I want to go to the park,’ said the little Louis with a swelling heart, and tears starting to his eyes; ‘I have snowballs to make.’

‘You have, in the first place, *duties* to perform, sire; and *you*, sire, more than all other children; for, as a king, you ought to set *them* the example. Begin to do so at once by yielding to the wishes of your governess; raise your arm, sire, if you please; well; now, the other. There, now, it is done, sire, and I thank you for your obedience.’

‘If kings *are* happy, it is not while they are children, at all events,’ said Louis XV., as he looked with tearful eyes on the gold belt of his leading-strings.

‘You are right, sire,’ said M. de Fleury. ‘It is later; it is when they have learned to make their people happy.’

‘The king’s carriage is at the door,’ said a gentleman-in-waiting, opening the folding-doors of the king’s apartment. Madame de Vantadour rose, took the king by the hand, and led him down the grand staircase to the carriage, whilst M. de Fleury and the royal pages followed. The day was bitterly cold; but the poor little king rejoiced in the freezing blast, for he thought it would keep the snow from melting, and he could yet have his battle

on his way back. With this hope he cheerfully entered the carriage, and waited with patience for M. de Villeroy and the Duke du Maine, who had both the right of entering the royal carriage. They reached the step at the same moment ; and the foot of the one having accidentally touched that of the other, each measured his opponent with a disdainful glance.

‘I beg to observe to the Marshal de Villeroy,’ said the Duke du Maine, ‘that, in the quality of prince of the blood, I have a right to the seat of honor in his majesty’s carriage.’

‘And I,’ replied the marshal, without yielding a step, ‘beg to observe to the Duke du Maine, that, as governor to the king, I have a right to the seat of honor, and am only bound to yield it to a legitimate prince of the blood, and not to M. le Duc du Maine.’

‘We shall see that,’ replied the duke, stepping into the carriage, the marshal, with a fiery glance, laid his hand on the intruder’s arm. During this discussion the carriage-door was necessarily kept open, and the young king was freezing with the cold. At length he exclaimed impatiently, ‘For goodness’ sake, gentlemen, come in, and both of you take the place of honor ; I should just as soon sit with my back to the horses.’

‘That is out of the question, sire,’ replied the marshal.

‘Well, then,’ replied the young king, shivering with the cold, ‘draw lots to see who shall sit by my side, or else both take your seats with your backs to the horses.’ This last advice of the young king was at length followed, and the eight horses started at full gallop.

The carriage was no sooner in motion than the Mar-

shal de Villeroy, bending forwards towards the young king, asked him if he remembered his speech ; but at that moment they were passing the park of Vincennes, and his heart was too full to answer. He heard the joyous cries of his young companions, who were fighting the battle of which he had dreamt all the preceding night ; he saw the hard, glittering snow, which would have made such glorious bombs ; and then, when he began to think that before he was free again all the fun would be over, the tears started to his eyes.

‘ What are you thinking of, sire ? ’ inquired the marshal. Louis made no reply, but pointed to the battlefield, and his large black eyes looked so full of sorrow, that it touched the heart of the marshal.

‘ What can we do, sire ? ’ he observed, as M. de Fleury had already done. ‘ The children of kings are not like other children ; they have duties to fulfil ; and as it is their business to set an example to their people ; no duty must be left undone.’

By this time they had reached the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the people, both in the windows and the streets, were assembled to look at their king. A thousand acclamations welcomed him on every side, but the poor little fellow was sad and pale ; — he still thought of his lost battle. They at length reached the palace of the Tuileries, and the young monarch was conducted to his throne in the Chamber of Peers by the Duke de Tresme, who filled the office of Lord High Chamberlain. Madame de Vantadour was already seated upon the steps of the throne, and the countenance of her little pupil brightened as he saw her. He exclaimed aloud, with childish glee, ‘ Madame de Vantadour ! ’ ‘ Hush ! ’ said



his governess, kindly, whilst with an expressive glance she designated to him the imposing assembly by which they were surrounded. Louis XV. immediately resumed a little air of grave dignity, which was natural to him, and he began to look composedly around him on the striking spectacle which the court of France of that day offered when assembled in full costume. The young king himself, who formed the centre of attraction in this brilliant circle, was well formed to grace the high post he occupied. He stood erect upon his throne, and awaited with a dignified patience the commencement of the ceremony. It might almost have been imagined that he felt the importance of the functions he was called to fulfil.

Soon the mass of courtiers began to move around the throne, and one grand functionary of state after another approached the little king, and addressed him in speeches prepared for the occasion — all of which had one point in common, which was not a little distressing to their young auditor — namely, their interminable length. — However, he bore the infliction with great apparent tranquillity, although it must be allowed that his glances were more frequently directed towards the window where might be seen a tree bending beneath its sparkling, snowy burthen, than towards the grave speakers of very grave and very heavy speeches. When the moment at length arrived for the young king to deliver his speech, the Marshal de Villeroy bent forward, and asked him in a whisper whether he remembered what he had taught him in the morning.

‘Perfectly,’ he replied.

‘Now, then, is the time to say it aloud, sire,’ said the marshal.

With perfect grace, and with a certain infantile timidity of manner, which added yet more to the charm of his appearance, Louis XV. repeated aloud, and with perfect correctness: 'We, king of France and of Navarre, declare the Duke of Orleans regent of this kingdom, to administer the affairs of state during our minority, conformably to the decree of parliament made on the 3d of September.'

The Duke of Orleans advanced to kiss the young sovereign's hand in token of gratitude, the Council of Regency was then named, and each member of it came forward in turn to perform the same act of homage. Then followed the administration of oaths, more speeches, and an endless routine of ceremonies, which became *wearisome* to all, but *insupportable* to the poor child. He at length ceased to listen, he sat down, yawned, played with the crosses which hung suspended from his blue ribbon, and then pettishly throwing them from him, began to yawn anew. Suddenly his attention seemed arrested by some object in the far corner of the room; his eyes ceased to wander, and were filled with an expression of comic surprise. The marshal, who had been following with anxiety every movement of his pupil, looked in the direction to which the child's glance was directed, and soon discovered that the object of his attention was the old cardinal of Noailles, a prelate of pre-eminent ugliness, which was shown off still more by his scarlet costume, and who was as yet unknown to the young prince, as he had only lately returned to the court, having been disgraced in the reign of Louis XIV.

The marshal, fearing, doubtless, that the old courtier might be displeased at this marked attention, whispered to his pupil a request not to look so steadfastly in that direction.

‘But I choose to look that way,’ replied the child.

‘It is not polite,’ replied his governor.

‘So much the worse,’ said the king.

‘But it is very wrong of you, sire.’

‘I am sorry for it ; but it amuses me.’

‘Listen to this gentleman who is making you a speech, instead of looking about you.’

‘I am very tired of hearing him,’ replied Louis.

‘I beg of you, sire — sire — sire — pray attend to me.’

‘Leave me alone,’ said Louis, impatiently, quite wearied out by the admonitions of his governor, and the interminable speeches of his courtiers.

‘But sire, I cannot leave you alone,’ replied the marshal ; ‘you are not here for the purpose of being amused.’

‘Ah, my snow, my beautiful snow !’ said the king, to whose mind the word *amusement* recalled with vividness his morning disappointment.

‘You must not think about that now, sire, but attend to what is going on here.’

‘O, *do* leave me alone !’ said the king, bursting into tears.

‘Sire, sire ; pray hold up your head, and do not disgrace yourself in this way.’

The poor little king’s tears were, however, unheeded ; the wearisome ceremony lasted till the close of the day ; and when poor Louis passed the park, on his way back to Versailles, the finishing stroke was put to his sorrows, for — *the snow had melted !*

‘Oh, my battle, my snow-balls !’ he exclaimed, weeping bitterly. To add to his mortification, as he mounted the stairs of his palace of Versailles, he met all his young playmates, talking and laughing over the divers feats of prowess which had been performed during

the day. They were all glowing with health and animation ; and as the pale, wearied Louis passed the merry group, there was not one of them who envied his royal lot.

‘ Who gained the day ? ’ inquired Louis, mournfully.

‘ The Duke de Chartres,’ was the reply ; ‘ but the Marquis de Nesle fought very well, too.’

‘ Come, then, at least, and tell me all about it,’ said the little king.

‘ Sire,’ interposed Madame de Vantadour, this is the hour for you to retire to rest.’

‘ Well, then, the hour must be put off,’ said Louis, pettishly.

‘ That, sire, is impossible ; your gentlemen of the bed-chamber are in waiting.’

‘ Oh, how tiresome it is to be a king ! ’ said Louis XV., his tears commencing to flow afresh, as his governess led him to the bed-chamber. ‘ I am always unfortunate ; in the winter, I am not allowed to make snow-balls ; and in the summer, when it is so fine, and everybody walks out, I am kept at home in the palace.’

‘ Oh, sire,’ said his governess, as she began to undress him, ‘ are you not taken out whenever you please ? ’

‘ Am I, indeed ? And do you think I have forgotten the day of the fete of St. Germain, when I was at the window, and saw such numbers of children passing by, and they all looked so happy ? I asked you where they were going, and you told me to the fair ; and when I asked what this fair was, you told me it was a place where they amused themselves under the trees, and bought toys and sweet-meats ; and that, in the evening, I should see all these children returning with their play-things and their cakes. Oh, how I did long to go ! But



you were sick, mamma, and so I was obliged to stay at home.'

'You shall go, sire, next year.'

'And in the winter,' resumed the king, 'it is so pleasant to run upon the snow, to make snow-balls, to throw them at one's companions, and have them thrown at one's-self in return; and now, to-day, they have made me miss the finest battle in the world! When will some snow fall again?'

'Come, sire, you must not think any more of that now, but try to go to sleep.'

'I can't go to sleep; I suppose I shall be told presently that this is the hour at which I *must* go to *sleep*, because I am a *king*!'

'Console yourself, sire,' replied his governess; 'when you are a man, you will be happier.' As Madame de Vantadour said this, she sighed, for she knew but too well that the *future* happiness of her little pupil was, if possible, even still more uncertain than the *present*.

[Chambers' Journal.]

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### THE LITTLE INVALID.

SEE FRONTISPIECE.

(Concluded from page 240.)

"OH, do come to the door," said Ellen to her mother, one evening, at sunset. When Mrs. Temple went into the open air, which was so soft that day as to merit its name of "second summer" weather, she did not wonder at the eagerness with which Ellen had drawn her to the door. The sun had just sunk behind the wooded hill opposite; and the horizon made an arch of golden light,

the day. They were all glowing with health and animation; and as the pale, wearied Louis passed the merry group, there was not one of them who envied his royal lot.

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'And in the winter,' resumed the king, 'it is so pleasant to run upon the snow, to make snow-balls, to throw them at one's companions, and have them thrown at one's-self in return; and now, to-day, they have made me miss the finest battle in the world! When will some snow fall again?'

'Come, sire, you must not think any more of that now, but try to go to sleep.'

'I can't go to sleep; I suppose I shall be told presently that this is the hour at which I *must* go to *sleep*, because I am a *king*!'

'Console yourself, sire,' replied his governess; 'when you are a man, you will be happier.' As Madame de Vantadour said this, she sighed, for she knew but too well that the *future* happiness of her little pupil was, if possible, even still more uncertain than the *present*.

[Chambers' Journal,

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## THE LITTLE INVALID.

SEE FRONTISPIECE.

(Concluded from page 240.)

"OH, do come to the door," said Ellen to her mother, one evening, at sunset. When Mrs. Temple went into the open air, which was so soft that day as to merit its name of "second summer" weather, she did not wonder at the eagerness with which Ellen had drawn her to the door. The sun had just sunk behind the wooded hill opposite; and the horizon made an arch of golden light,

melting into orange, against which its rounded outline was relieved. Above was a belt of the peculiar green which is seen only in the sunset sky; and still higher, floating to the very zenith, were clouds, which beginning in heavy masses of deep purple, ended, after passing through all shades of crimson, in flakes as light, and of as pale a tint, as the petals of a blush-rose.

As Mrs. Temple stood with Ellen's hand in hers, drinking in the beauty of the scene, she was attracted to the green plot before the door by the appearance of William, who was sitting on the grass and gazing on the glory before him with a face radiant with expression. Is this the boy, thought she, whose countenance is commonly so dull, almost stupid? — She spoke to Mith, who was whittling near the door, and asked him if he saw what a beautiful sunset there was.

"I declare!" said he, looking up for a minute, "how red it is;" and went on with his whittling.

"How much William seems to enjoy it," said Mrs. Temple, glancing at the happy boy, who was too much absorbed in his rapture to notice their talking.

"Oh, yes'm," said Mith, "he is always pleased to see the sky. He'll jump up of a cold winter morning, when the first red streak shows, and stand at the window till he is as stiff as ice. I do believe he would go hungry or cold, and not know it for hours, if he were looking at the sunset. It is not the sky only, though, that he thinks is pretty, Mrs. Temple, for he will be as delighted, sometimes, with a piece of dry moss off a rock, as I should be with ——— with a good sharp knife," said he, laughing, as he turned his old knife over in his hand, and whittled on.

"Then you don't care much about the beautiful sky, Mith," said Ellen, "and the red leaves, and the mosses?"



"Not I; I would n't stir a step to see any of 'em, only to please William, and he is such a good boy that I would do any thing for him. I never knew, till you came, that he hated to be called 'Bill Ball'; but he does, and so I always say 'William,' now. But you like these bright-colored things so much, that you ought to see our Rat's Nest, and I'll show it to you tomorrow."

"Oh, Mith," said Ellen, "what kind of a rat's nest can it be, to be bright-colored?"

"Why, it is our museum, up in the old corn-chamber; but *ma'am* always calls it the rat's nest. You see, William and I have a nice chamber to sleep in, over the kitchen, and he was always bringing in flowers and leaves, and making work for *ma'am* to clear up after him. And sometimes she would carry off all his best things in the dust-pan, and burn them, thinking they were weeds, and he would cry as if his heart would break; so I happened to think of the great chamber in the attic, that was used for a corn-chamber before the corn-barn was built, and I asked *ma'am* if we might have it for our own, and do what we liked there, and sweep it ourselves. She said we might have it and welcome, but she knew we should make a perfect rat's nest of it, and she always laughs at it, now. She told you, Mrs. Temple, yesterday, that she had but one *clutter-hole* in her house, and she meant our rat's nest. I keep all my tools there, and I make as much rubbish to clear away, with my shavings and saw-dust, as William does with his leaves and moss. — Come, William, it is almost dark. What have you been thinking of all this time?"

"I was thinking, just now, of some beautiful lines that I read in the book my Sunday-school teacher lent me yesterday."

"Can you repeat any of them?" said Mrs. Temple. William came close to his kind questioner, as if to be sure of sympathy, and repeated, in a low, trembling voice, these two stanzas of Peabody's "Autumn Evening."

"How beautiful on all the hills  
The crimson light is shed!  
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives  
To mourners round his bed.  
How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast!  
'Tis like the memory left behind  
When loved ones breathe their last."

He then slipped into the house, and the dull, stupid look came over him gradually, as his sensitive spirit shrank into its inner cell again.

"There, now," said Mith, "William never saw those verses till last night, when Mr. Gore brought the book to him, and he has hardly had a minute to read to-day; and yet how perfectly he has learnt them. And he repeats sacred poetry, and the Psalms and Parables from the Bible to Mr. Gore, and learns twice as much, to say to him on Sunday, as I can; and yet the master says he will grow up to be a dunce, and *ma'am* seems to be afraid he will be one, too. Nobody knows how bright William is, and I don't know as any one ever will; he's so timid."

"I am glad he has one good friend, Mith, to encourage him. What is his principal difficulty at school? I find he is very often kept after the others are dismissed, to learn lessons."

"I have to learn two pages of definitions out of the Dictionary, every afternoon, and William is in the second class, and has to learn one page. Now I can learn definitions almost as fast as I can make these joggling-sticks,

Mrs. Temple, but poor William gets so broken down over them, that I think sometimes he will not have any sense left. Then I really do think the multiplication table, even up to twenty times twenty, is about as easy as A B C, but it seems to me it will almost kill William to learn it, he finds it so hard to remember. I told the master, one day, when he had been telling me how stupid he was, that he could learn poetry by only looking at it."

"What did he say to that?" said Ellen.

"Oh, he laughed, and said, 'Poetry is not definitions, and poetry is not the multiplication table, Master Mithridates Cram; — and a bird that can sing, and won't sing, must be made to sing, sir.'"

The next morning, Mrs. Temple and Ellen mounted to the museum, and on opening the door, were as much surprised as pleased. The walls, which in the first place were only smoothly plastered, had been ornamented by William in an original manner, and one that was very pleasing to the eye. He had collected, in Autumn, the colored leaves of the forest trees, and had covered with them the walls of the large room; so placing them that the leaves of each kind should represent, in their arrangement, the form of the tree from which they were gathered. The trunks and branches of the trees were formed of brown and grey lichens; and the form of each kind of tree was preserved, with a truth to nature that was very striking. The regular and tapering chestnut was here in its golden beauty, and the picturesque oak, in regal purple, rose by its side; while all the graceful maples, in their orange and scarlet dyes had a place, and here and there was seen the tupelo, with its singular, fir-like shape, the branches sweeping downward from the trunk, and the glossy crimson of its leaves making

its bright neighbors look almost dim. In one corner, were Mith's tools, and wood-work and wire-work of all kinds, finished and unfinished; and in another, William kept his precious mosses and lichens and pressed flowers, in the neat wooden boxes and trays that Mith had made for him.

"What a beautiful room the boys have made of your old corn-chamber," said Mrs. Temple, as, after the boys had gone to school, she went into the kitchen, and sat down with Mrs. Ball, who was paring apples for a pan-dowdy.

"Why, Mrs. Temple," said she, "I am ashamed that Bill Ball and Mith should have taken you into that dirty old rat's nest."

"The floor does not look quite so white and nice as yours do, certainly, but it is pretty neat, considering that boys have the care of it. Those trees on the walls are very remarkable, as the workmanship of a boy of ten years old."

"Well, they do look like trees in the Fall of the year, that's certain; but what in the world is the use of them? Mith, now, really brings something to pass, in his play-time (though he makes some clutter with his shavings, to be sure);" the parenthesis spoken as *an aside* to the tray that held her apple-parings, "but as to any thing my own poor boy does out of school, what upon earth can he ever make, that's good for any thing, out of those mouldy toad-stools and old dusty bits of moss,—filling the house with rubbish? I'm afraid he won't have sense nor learning enough to get a living, when he grows up."

"I think William is a very bright, intelligent boy, and I know he is capable of becoming a very good scholar."

"Oh, Mrs. Temple, how thankful I am to hear you say so, for I have lain awake many a night, thinking of his being such a stupid boy, and the master calling him a dunce. His *sir* thought so much of his getting learn-



ing, that I promised I would keep him at school till he was grown up. I could cry to think that he is such a poor scholar; for he is the only child I have in the world, now. My second was a little girl, and died before she was two years old. I named her after Miss Ellen, for though she was only three months old the day I was married, and left your house, that had been a home to me, yet I always did love her, and now whenever I look at her, I think of my little one that's gone to heaven.—But do you think that Bill Ball can ever learn any thing, ma'am?"

"I do think that he can be made a very good scholar; and not only so, — I think he has a mind of a high order that deserves to be cultivated, and will one day bring forth fruit an hundred-fold. Even the definitions and the multiplication table will be mastered in time, if he is brought to them in the right way. But his present master, however well he may teach, generally, does not seem to understand William, and I do not believe he will ever improve under his care. Is there any other school that he could attend?"

"There is the academy, that is kept by Mr. and Mrs. Gore. He is the boys' Sabbath-school teacher, and they love him beyond any thing. I could afford to send him there, I suppose, but then, I could not send Mith too, and I always mean to do as well by him as if he was my own, for he has neither *sir* nor *ma'am*; and he is such a smart scholar, that if there are any *advantages*, he ought to have them, I'm sure."

"Mith has an uncommon memory, and is very quick at figures, and full of ingenuity and practical skill, Mrs. Ball, but he is doing well at the district school, and likes

it; and he has the happy faculty of being able to push his way through obstacles that would overpower William, and he is also two years older than he. Now you will not be wronging your good adopted son, if you send William to the academy; for Mith is happy under his present master, and yet he sees that William is not, and he would rejoice to have him sent to Mr. Gore. If William is not encouraged now, his mind, which is a fine one, will run to waste."

Mrs. Ball could not quite understand Mrs. Temple's views, but she had a very high opinion of her judgment, and she determined to follow her advice; for she loved her son with all her heart. So as the winter term at the academy was to begin soon, she secured a place for William immediately.

The time soon arrived for the departure of Mrs. Temple and Ellen, for the summer was nearly over, and the evenings were growing cooler and longer. As the carriage in which they took their journey had been sent home when they took lodgings at the farm-house, Mrs. Temple determined to take the railway, as there was a station about ten miles from Mrs. Ball's house. She and Ellen (the little invalid no longer) were driven over to it one sunny Monday morning, — William's first day at Mr. Gore's, — and had the pleasure of setting down the boys in front of the academy yard, and of bidding them a cheerful "good bye" there. — The children playing in the porch till the bell should call them in, and Mith's encouraging looks and gestures as he parted from William, left a pleasant image in Ellen's mind; and she recalled it many times on her journey home.



